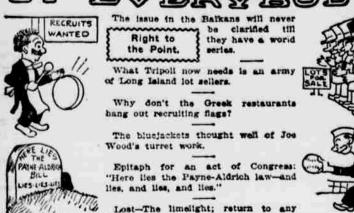
"S'Matter, Pop?" By C. M. Payne



HERE, THERE AND "Our Baby".



"Doc, how about that patient who sent the hurry call for you? Did you get to him in time?"

"No. I was delayed a little and the measly ouss got well before I could each him."



R. GEORGE W. BOWLING, the inaugurator of the anti-kinsing movement, told an odd kissing story. 'A boy," he said, "decided to fool his mother

Accordingly he ran into the sitting room and

kissing the cook." With a determined frown his mother rose and hastened kitchenward. But just before she reached the door the boy laughed and said: "'No, it ain't a strange man, ma. It's only father!" "-Chicago Record-Herald.

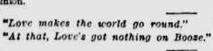
"Scrooze, when your guardian angel looks down from heaven and sees you've charged me 9 per cent. interest he'll give you a black mark."

"No, he won't. When he peeks down at it from above the 9 will look

E MILY-Why are you waving your handker-chief?
Angelina-Since papa has forbidden Tom the house we have arranged a code of signals.

"What is that?" "When he waves his handkerchief five times that means: 'Do you love me?' And when I wave five in reply it means: 'Yes, darling.'"

"And how do you ask other questions? "We don't. That's the whole code."-London



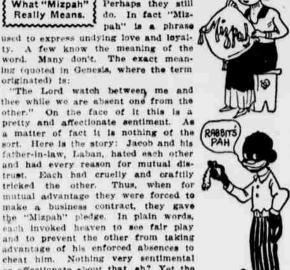


SENTIMENTAL people cometimes

what "Mizpah" rings.
What "Mizpah" rings.
Perhaps they still
do. In fact "Mizpah" is a phrase

ty. A few know the meaning of the word. Many don't. The exact meaning (quoted in Genesis, where the term originated) is:

"The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from the other." On the face of it this is a pretty and affectionate sentiment. As a matter of fact it is nothing of the RASSITS sort. Here is the story: Jacob and his PAH sort. Here is the story: Jacob and his father-in-law, Luban, hated each other and had every reason for mutual dis-trust. Each had cruelly and craftily tricked the other. Thus, when for mutual advantage they were forced to make a business contract, they gave the "Mizpah" pledge. In plain words, each invoked heaven to see fair play and to prevent the other from taking dvantage of his enforced absences to cheat him. Nothing very sentimental or affectionate about that, ch? Yet the word has, oddly enough, passed into love's Blany.



The Day's Good Stories

A Dry Answer.

W GODROW WILSON, in an inter-

a reporter at Sea Giri, said with a smile: "Your questions about my campaign are premature. I must organize my thoughts before I suswer them. You remind me of William the

replied dryly:
"'It is not my custom to take off my clothes before I'm going to led." "-Cincinnati Enquirer.

ANatural Inquiry.

MMEDIATELY following the marder of the "I'm gambier Rosenthal, in New York, the papers father?" of the uniformed police force cleared the street in front of the floted Matronsels in order that the assessing might job their victim without interruption, says the Saturday Evening Pow.

A night or two after the killing a very tired man was clinging to an awning post opposite the Metropole, in Forty-third street, when a patroliman came S and ordered him to move on.

Yee, my son, indeed you are," came the proud reply.

"And you, pa, you're the head of the family, ain't you!" asked the simple little lad.

"I am," replied Pule.

"Then," clunched John Johnny triumphlantly, "you must be a blockhead!"

But we will draw a kindly veil over what followed.—Answers. full of atories to the effect that members

'Very well!" said the weary one thickly, "Very well, ossifer; but I'd like to ask rou a civi quos'n first,"
"Well, what is it?" denounded the policeman,

"Who you fellers fixin' to shoot now!" One on Father.

Conqueror's son, Robert.

"Robert, you know, asked to be invested with government of Normands in his father's lifetime. But to this demand William the Conqueror another story. At any rate, he is the pride of resoluted deplay. sider him rather precoclous—but that's quite another story. At any rate, he is the pride of his father's heart, and Pule ar, invariably refers o the youngster as a "regular chip from the old

The other night little Johnny looked up from his stool by the fireside, and ejaculated the query:
"I'm a chip from the old block, sin't I.

"Yes, my son, indeed you are," came the prou-



O. Heeza Boob!

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WHAT'S UP ?

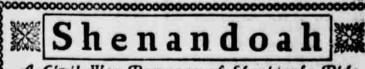


They scan the Hall of Fame to find a suitable example for Baby Boy to follow









By Henry Tyrrell

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Kerchival West (a young lieutenant in the Union Army dering the usual wart loses Gertrude: bother libth (West'a charter fill) (West'a charter fi

CHAPTER XV. Whirling Through Win-

claimed Bob, flinging him-

be any serious misunderstanding. Mean-eternity-but never, never, sir, allow while, I am a prisoner of hospitality, yourself to be persuaded for a single and I'm in no hurry to be exchanged."

hile, I am a prisoner of hospitality. Yourself to be prisoner of hospitality and I'm in no hurry to be exchanged."

moment that the North or any other man can ever lick the great Southern Confederacy!" eagerly, "prepare yourself for more y. "prepare yourself for more The white-haired exhorter was Major Some one else whom you know Edmund Ruffin. s coming"-"Madeline but no!"-

"But, yes! How did you think of !t? he was in Washington, visiting Mrs. Haverill, and I urged her to come over 4 here and see us-that before I knew of Gen. Sheridan's intentions, they keep their plans so secret, you know-but deline accepted the invitation, and

for. Sheridan's intentions, they keep their plans so secret, you know—but Madeline accepted the invitation, and she's coming, anyway."

"Horraht' cried Boh, flustered out of all self-control. "Well, Nis, that a bid supprise over some money and now, let's see what I can do in the same line. You have amounced Madeline, maybe I can sive you some intermation about the control of the same line. You have a mounted Madeline, maybe I can sive you some intermation about the formation about the control of the formation about the formation about the control of the formation about the formation and the following th

A Civil War Romance of Sheridan's Ride (Founded on Bronson Howard's Great Play.) (Copyright 1912, by O. P. Putnam's Sona) indeed true-and it proved to be only

HAPTER XV.

(Continued.)

Ing Through Winchester.

Chester.

HY. Miss Buckthorn!" ex-a sentarian voice to the discomfited in the confidence of the confidenc

claimed Bob, flinsing himself from the saddle and throwing the bridle of his horse to Josephus Oranges biossom, the negro hostler, who grinned an effusive dental welcome. "It is a delightful surprise to see you heremakes me think the war is over."

"Thank you, Lleutenant—oh, pardon me: I mean Col. Eilingham, of course," responded Jenny, "Heartsease has come over to the Valley, and so has papawith Gen. Sheridan. I hope there won't he any serious misunderstanding. Mean-self with your flat—put the sky in your vest pocket, and unbuckle the bellyband of eternity—but never, never, sir, allow Heutenant:

CHAPTER XVI.

Strange Fortunes of War. ERSIMMONS are dead ripe-just tinged with purple over the gold—and the chinkapin